

THE WICKED WIDOW.

I was in the Northwestern express going to Liverpool on route to New York, at which latter place I had important business to transact on behalf of my employers, a large and influential firm of solicitors in London.

Being only human I couldn't help stealing a glance at my companion, and the first glance only made me anxious to take another. She was a widow, or at any rate she was dressed as one according to our modern fashion, and although she had her veil down it struck me that her features were prepossessing, and I felt inclined to attempt a conversation, so with my hand on the window strap I said:

"Would you like the window up, madam? Sitting as you are you catch the draught."

"Oh, thank you, sir, I would," and I thought her voice angelic and felt that I should make a fool of myself, when she put up her veil, and I caught sight of her eyes, which were large and of a beautiful dark brown shade. I was always very partial to nice eyes, especially brown ones. I concluded to say something more if I got snubbed for my trouble. But I must say I didn't much fear this, as I thought she didn't seem at all averse to a conversation; so, feeling like a man does just before plunging into cold water, I said:

"I trust, madam, you will not think me ill-mannered if I venture to ask if you are going the whole journey? I know most ladies have a great aversion to speaking to a man without a formal introduction, but I think myself that is a barbarous custom and quite unnecessary."

"I agree with you, sir. I see no harm at all in our speaking. In fact, I think it much more sensible than sitting like mutes all the way to Liverpool. You ask if I am going the whole journey. Yes, I am, and hope to go on to New York by to-morrow's boat if I can manage it."

"If you can manage it," I repeated. "May I ask what is likely to prevent you?"

"Well, sir," she replied; "it seems strange to tell a perfect stranger of my affairs, but I feel I must talk to somebody of my troubles, so if you would care to listen I will give you an account of my unfortunate position."

Being a man of the world I ought to have been put on my guard by this, but those eyes quite blinded my sense of perception, and I said I should feel honored by her confidence, and I should be happy to render any assistance in my power.

"Well, sir, I have only been married six months, and lost my dear husband three days ago. In our case the old adage that 'the course of true love never runs smooth' was quite true, as by our marriage he offended his father and I became estranged from my mother. We met at New York, where he was spending a few weeks' holiday. He came to our house several times, and when it was time for him to go back to England he asked me to go with him as his wife; and as I knew he loved me and I loved him, I consented. My mother was very angry, and said she never wanted to see me again. Harold telegraphed to his father to say he was just starting for home and was bringing back a wife with him, and to make matters worse for us his father telegraphed in reply that he wouldn't receive any wife, and made an allusion to a 'penniless American girl,' and we might both go to the dogs for all he cared."

"On arriving at Liverpool we took apartments there, and my husband went on to London to see his father and prepare the way for my coming. He soon returned, and said his father was determined not to receive us, and he had also stopped my husband's allowance, so we had nothing to live on beyond the money we had with us, and that wasn't much. For some weeks Harold tried to obtain employment, but was unsuccessful, as he had no practical knowledge of commercial matters; and then, to crown all our troubles, he caught a chill and was laid up with rheumatic fever. I nursed him for four months, and then he was taken from me. Before he died he made me promise to bury him in the churchyard of the church we were married at in America, and of course I promised to fulfill his wish, although I hadn't the slightest idea how I was going to do it, seeing I had but £30 left and several debts outstanding. After his death I thought the matter over and decided that the only thing I could do was to go and see his father. I had written several times and acquainted him with his son's condition, but my letters had not been answered. Yesterday I went to London and saw him. He was very cold and reserved, and when I told him of his son's death he merely said he was sorry to hear it, but that we had only ourselves to blame. I kept my temper as well as possible, told him of Harold's wish to be buried in New York and asked him if he would advance me the money necessary for transferring the body. I told him I didn't ask anything for myself, as I could work for my living when I got back to America. At first he refused to entertain the idea, but I reasoned with him as well as I could, and finally he promised to think the matter over, and if he relented would send me the money by the night's post. With that I had to be contented, and am now going back to Liverpool. If he doesn't send me the money I don't know what I can do, and it breaks my heart to think I can't fulfill my last promise to poor Harold; and here she gave a little sob."

"And now, dear reader, I ask you to put yourself in my place and consider the matter. Would you not feel inclined, after hearing such a sad story,

and told by such a charming woman, to throw Mr. Weller's advice, or anybody else's for the matter of that, to the four winds? For my part, I felt inclined to offer myself and possessions then and there, but for the time I contented myself with condoling with her in her trouble, and telling her to hope for the best, as doubtless the father's heart would relent and she would find a check on her arrival in Liverpool. If not, I said, why, strangers as we are, I shall be happy to lend you any assistance you may require, either monetary or otherwise. I am going to New York myself by to-morrow's boat, and if you will trust me I will settle the whole business for you. Such a promise as yours should be kept at any cost. She thanked me very sweetly, and soon after we arrived at Liverpool. I asked permission to escort her to her house, which was readily granted. Arriving there she asked if I would go in and see if there was a letter, an invitation I gladly accepted. No, there was no letter, and I thought she was going to break down completely; but I did my best to comfort her, and said if she would allow me I would make all arrangements for her passage, and we could talk the matter over on board. At first she said she didn't think she could accept such kindness from a stranger, but finally agreed to it. Before I went she took me into an adjoining room, and showed me the coffin with its one solitary cross of flowers placed there by herself. On the plate was simply "Harold Meredith," with the date of his death. It was early in the afternoon when I left her armed with the certificate of death and other necessary papers. In the evening I called again to say I had made arrangements, that the coffin would be called for early in the morning and I promised to call for her about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the boat starting at 5.

Going across we became very friendly, so that at the end of the four days I felt my future happiness depended upon her. On arriving at New York I took rooms for her at the hotel I intended staying at, the coffin being sent on. I promised to go the next day with her to the church and make arrangements for the funeral. My business kept me employed until late, so I didn't see any more of her that day. The next morning a waiter came to my room to say a gentleman was below and wished to see me on important business. He did not send his name, the waiter said, "as I wouldn't know it." I told the waiter to show him up, which he did. I certainly did not know the man who entered, but after the waiter had retired he handed me his card, which informed me he was "George Morrell, Detective."

"Mr. Maitland, I believe, sir," he said.

"Yes," I replied, much surprised, and asked him what it meant.

He smiled and said: "Oh! I have no doubt it is all right, sir, but I want you to come down to the station with me at once. I shouldn't ask any questions if I were you, as it will only waste time, but wait and explain to the Justice."

I was dumfounded, and at first felt inclined to argue the matter and ask for his authority; but on second thought I decided to go with him, as my conscience told me I could be no worse off at the police station.

On entering the station the first person I noticed was Mrs. Meredith in the dock. She recognized me and gave me a bewitching smile. The sight of her only made matters more complicated, and I didn't know what to say or do; but my friend, the detective, told me to stand near the dock, and the charge was read over to me, by which I learned that I was charged with aiding and abetting one Sarah Bentley, alias Blanche Meredith, with attempting to defraud the United States Government by smuggling into the country goods upon which duty was chargeable. When asked what answer I had to the charge, I was so surprised that I could only say I didn't understand the accusation at all, and asked for a further explanation, and then the whole story came out. It appears my charming widow was really a widow, but not of Harold Meredith. She was the widow of one George Bentley, the head of a very clever gang, who for some years had eluded the vigilance of the New York Custom-House authorities, and since his death his widow had been instrumental in smuggling a good deal into the country.

She was very clever at devices, and her latest had been to make use of a coffin which was supposed to contain the body of her husband, but in reality was full of valuable stuff. She had somehow obtained the certificate of death which I had used to obtain the passage across, and it was one of the gang who had disclosed the trick out of revenge for some petty insult he had received from his fair chief. My detective friend, for my consolation, informed me I was not the only man she had swindled, and when I told him the facts of the case he said he didn't think it was at all planned, but she had simply made up her story on the spur of the moment with the view of obtaining money from me.

She had been arrested the evening before while attempting to leave the hotel with her "coffin." With the assistance of my business connections I was soon able to satisfy the Court that I was not an accomplice, and I was allowed to go after being bound over to appear as a witness. Needless to say, I have not since seen my fair widow or my money, and, as I said before, I am now very careful indeed to follow Mr. Weller's advice, to "beware of widows," especially in railway trains.

In the Divorce Country.

"By Jove, Bronson! your wife is a charming woman."

"I'm glad you find her so, Parslow."

"I do, indeed. If you ever contemplate getting divorced, old man, let me know, will you? I'd like to marry Mrs. Bronson myself."

"Judge."

AT THE BABY'S BEDTIME.

This is baby's bedtime; My little one comes to me In her snowy little nightgown And kneels down at my knee, And I fancy a sweet child angel Is for a time my guest. As she says her little prayers over With her hands upon her breast.

"Now I lay me," she whispers In low voice, "down to sleep, I pray the Lord"—and the blue eyes Half close—"my soul to keep. If I should die"—oh, the shiver At my heart!—"before I wake, I pray the Lord"—and the eyelids Droop low—"my soul to take."

Then I lift up the little one, clasping Her close to my loving heart, And give her warm, good night kisses Till the closed lids break apart As the leaves do, folding a flower, And the violets of her eyes Look up in their drowsy fashion And smile at me angelwise.

"Dood night," she whispers so softly And sleepily, with a kiss That lingers with me in slumber, And stirs my heart with bliss, As I think of the little one dreaming With her head against my breast, Till my sleep is as full of rapture As her dreaming is of rest.

—Eben E. Rexford.

A Strange Death.

Thomas Odell, a young man of twenty-two years, living seven miles back of Greenup, Ky., has met death in a strange manner. He had been a puzzle to physicians for several years. He was affected by what he ate to such an extent that when he indulged in beef eating about an hour afterward he would become restless and wander out in search of cattle and bellow as an ox, and would get down on his hands and knees and eat grass like a cow. When he partook of mutton his actions were those of a sheep, and he would plaintively bleat like a lamb. When he ate chicken he would go out and scratch for worms, which he would devour with apparent relish.

After eating fish he would wander to the creek and go in swimming. One day his father killed several squirrels, of which the son ate heartily for dinner. He left the house shortly after and was followed by the father. The father saw him enter an oak grove, and soon saw his son jumping nimbly from limb to limb, at the same time barking like a squirrel. He called for him to come down, but this only seemed to make the boy want to escape, and he attempted to jump from one tree to another, but missed and fell to the ground, a mangled, breathless mass of humanity, and expired in less than five minutes.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Military Handkerchief.

Permission for soldiers to carry pocket handkerchiefs will now probably be given, for I see the war office authorities have sanctioned a military handkerchief being patented by Lieutenant Colonel Fulton.

On this handkerchief is printed all sorts of useful information concerning the use and construction of the Lee-Metford rifle, the alphabet used by army signallers, general rules to be observed in any position in which a soldier may find himself on campaign, the various bugle calls and other things, many of which are so nicely illustrated that it would be a thousand pities to use it in the manner naturally prompted by a cutting "nor-easter."—Leeds Mercury.

In a Railroad Wreck.

"Say, these things are mighty funny afterward," said the haggard man, "but when they happen it's nothing to laugh about. When we bumped into that freight just out of Chicago three years ago I was sitting back in the car checking up. It threw me down and then I started to crawl for the back door. The tender telescoped and came through at me. It didn't stop till I was within four feet of the back of the car, and I sat there waiting for it to catch me. I remember it had '487' in red figures, and as it came grindin' through at me every figure looked ten feet high. When it stopped I could reach out and touch it."—Chicago News-Record.

A Beautiful Toast.

On a grand day in the old chivalric times, when the lady of each knightly heart was pledged by name, when it came to St. Leon's turn he lifted the sparkling cup on high and gave them this: "I drink to one," he said, "whose image never may depart, deep carved on the human heart, till memory is dead." With that he paused as if he would not breathe her name in careless mood thus lightly to another, then bent his noble head as though to give that word the reverence due, and gently said—"my mother!"—London Tit-Bits.

English Law and Hidden Treasure.

It may be some encouragement to English treasure seekers, if any such there be in these enlightened days, to know that the laws of treasure trove only apply to such as is discovered by accident. Treasure discovered by systematic search would not come within this description, neither would finds discovered by astrological or cabalistic sciences or by the potent influence of the divining rod.—All the Year Round.

A gentleman performed the clever feat at a Birmingham Shakespeare club of proposing the toast of the poet's memory for nineteen years without repeating himself—a feat which most of us will envy.

A Kansas City man swallowed a door key early one morning. The Trenton (Mo.) Tribune says any one who mistakes his mouth for a keyhole should reform at once.

The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, which was about an even hundred years in building, was 450 feet to the first support of the roof.

Of traditions of buried treasure attaching to the sites of Roman camps and deserted cities there are plenty still to be met with.

Greek women wore the chiton, a sleeveless garment, and over it a shawl formed of a square piece of woollen goods.

A Typical Nonbeliever.

"Do I believe in signs and luck, and superstitions and all that blooming nonsense? Of course not," said fat and jolly Henry Thornburgh at Hurst's hotel to a group of philosophers. "I have some sort of respect for the people whose superstition is a religion. The Egyptians, who worshipped the dog and cat and even the crocodile; the Romans, who put their faith in divination and oracles and magical powers of amulets; the Greeks, who defied bees and ants; even the mysteries and absurdities of astrology and alchemy all have my sympathies and at least respectful consideration."

"But the horrors of the dreadful figure 13 and the fears some people have of making one of that number; the refusal to start a journey or undertaking on Friday; all sorts of ghosts and spectral warnings, with second sight, etc., have my supreme contempt. I have known men to shudder upon seeing two magpies at the same time; a friend of mine left my table not long ago because one of my children spilled some salt water moving his plate; one of the firm in our house would rather suffer fine and imprisonment than to put on his left shoe first when he gets up in the morning. And in most respects these people are all sensible people."

"Stop! Don't walk in front of me; there's a pin on the floor right there with its head toward me. You say what of it? Why, don't you know it is a sign that—What's that? Superstition? Oh, well, you know there are some things—Well, all right. Shut up! What'll you have?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

One Chance Left.

A decade had elapsed. In that period vast changes had been wrought, women were admitted to all fields of human endeavor and the vocations formerly considered to belong to the eternal sex exclusively were open to all.

In a quiet resort, somewhat removed from the busiest thoroughfare, one man chanced to ask another for a chew of tobacco. Thence the conversation turned by easy stages upon the evils of the day.

"Bill!"

The man with a look of settled despair in his dark brown eyes was subdued in his address.

"It's getting so a fellow without a wife has just about got to starve."

"Yes."

"It's a shame the way the women have crowded us out of business."

"True."

Both remained in silent meditation for a moment.

"But then—"

The look of settled despair was somewhat less pronounced for a moment.

"We should be grateful that Providence has left us pre-eminence in one calling. Thank heaven, they can't compete with us in dressmaking."

It was a comforting thought, to be sure.—Detroit Tribune.

Among the Roses.

Days fall of roses, baskets heavy with roses, carts laden with roses, roses, a feast of roses, a surfeit of roses, if that is possible. The women stick roses in their long, braided hair, the men in their belts, the children pull them and play with them and leave them on the road to die.

There is roselent jam to eat—very fresh and sweet it is—and there is roselent sirup to drink. Every vase and vessel is full of roses; they drop on you from unexpected places; great bunches of bright pink heads lying on the ground admonish you as you walk; you can make a bed of them if you will; go to the granary—rosary, I suppose it should be called—and the you will find as soft and sweet a couch as was ever laid in the "Arabian Nights" for eastern princes to dream upon.

This is how it came about that I saw such a multiplicity of roses. We filled a long cherished scheme and went to Kezanlik, the Valley of Roses, in the Balkans, once the famous rose garden of Turkey.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Ibo on the Niger.

Ivory anklets, often very heavy, are only worn by the Ibo women of wealth and importance, but the metal anklets worn by others may be many pounds in weight, and some of them wear huge brass plates, perhaps a foot in diameter, which, once fixed to the ankles, are never removed. The men wear a single strip of cotton cloth, but those who come much in contact with the Europeans are new learning to wear trousers. Their weapons are flintlocks, bows and spears—the latter both for hurling and thrusting.

The hats are built of mud and matting and are quadrangular in shape. The center is an open courtyard, at one end of which is the apartment of the head of the house, while the wives and family are accommodated in other rooms on the right and left of the courtyard. There is no furniture or ornament, and but a few household utensils and weapons.—All the Year Round.

More Than He Bargained For.

"When I used to travel about the country lecturing," said a retired temperance talker, "I carried with me as a faithful example a man with a brilliant red nose, and during my remarks I would call upon him for testimony. On one occasion we struck a small town where we had an audience of about a hundred people. I was making fine headway with my lecture, and at the proper time I glanced over the crowd and said, 'Will the gentleman with the red nose please rise to his feet?' Of course my man got up, but before he could do so thirty-got-up had risen slowly to their feet, and I don't think I was ever more embarrassed in my life."—Toledo Blade.

Man versus Flea.

A flea can jump straight upward and vault over a barrier 500 times its own height. If a man could display as much agility he could clear a wall a mile high at a single bound. If he could jump as far forward according to his weight as a flea can he could make 24 trips around the world at one leap.—St. Louis Republic.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

Table with columns for stations, northbound, and southbound times. Includes stations like Northumberland, Camerons, Chalkley, etc.

Table with columns for stations, A.M., and P.M. times. Includes stations like Scranton, Bellevue, Lockawanna, etc.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

P. & E. R. DIV. AND N. C. RY

In effect Dec. 15, 1892. Trains leave Sunbury EASTWARD. 8:48 a.m. Train 14 (Daily except Sunday) for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 3:00 p.m.; New York 6:30 p.m.; Baltimore 8:30 p.m.; Washington 4:30 p.m. connecting at Philadelphia for all sea shore points. Passenger coaches 9 Philadelphia, Baltimore, Parlor car to Philadelphia.

WESTWARD. 2:04 a.m.—Train 9 (Daily except Sunday) for Canandaigua, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with Pullman sleeping cars to Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Passenger coaches 9 Philadelphia, Baltimore, Parlor car to Rochester.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR SUNBURY FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH. Train 15—Leaves New York 12:15 night, Philadelphia 4:30 a.m., Baltimore 6:40 a.m., Harrisburg 8:10 a.m., daily arriving at Sunbury 9:55 a.m.

Train 11—Leaves Philadelphia 8:30 a.m., Washington 7:50 a.m., Baltimore 8:45 a.m., (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury 1:25 p.m. Through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 13 leaves Sunbury 10:00 a.m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 10:45 a.m., Wilkes-Barre 12:10 p.m., Hazleton 12:15 p.m., Pottsville 1:25 p.m. Through Coach Williamsport to Wilkes-Barre. Train 11 leaves Sunbury 5:35 p.m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 6:25 p.m., Wilkes-Barre 7:50 p.m., Hazleton 7:55 p.m., Pottsville 9:05 p.m. Through Coach Williamsport to Wilkes-Barre. Train 12 leaves Sunbury 7:55 a.m., Philadelphia 9:00 a.m., Washington 10:40 a.m., Baltimore 11:40 p.m., (Daily) arriving at Sunbury 5:10 a.m., with Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore and passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

FINEST

CHOCOLATES, Tenney's Confectionery, CLEAR Candy Toys, Specially For The HOLIDAY TRADE, M. M. PHILLIPS & SON. BLOOMSBURG, PA.

KEMP THE ARTIST.

Makes now the finest PORTRAITS and CRAYONS. Is having his Gallery remodelled and fitted up in fine style, and the only first class north light in the county. 12 CABINETS \$1.00.

Also having a wagon on the road fitted with the latest improvements for taking in views, Portraits and Tintypes, will call at your door without extra charge. Reserve your photos as we carry a full line copying samples till we call at your place. Drop us a postal card and we will set a day to call on you. Gallery Main St., next to St. Elmo Hotel BLOOMSBURG, PA.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send free of charge a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all throat and lung Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address, REV. EDWARD A. WILSON, Brooklyn, New York Sept. 16, 1871.

PHILADELPHIA & READING RAILROAD.

Trains leave Bloomsburg as follows: (Sundays excepted) For New York, Philadelphia, Reading, Pottsville, Tamqua, etc., 6:10, 11:30 a.m. For Williamsport, 7:45 a.m., 3:15 p.m. Sunday, 7:05 a.m., 4:25 p.m. For Reading, 7:45 a.m., 3:15, 11:10 p.m. Sunday, 7:55 a.m., 4:25 p.m. For Catawissa 6:10, 7:45, 11:30 a.m., 12:15, 5:00, 6:30, 11:30 p.m. Sunday, 10:41 a.m., 7:08 p.m. For Pottsville, 6:45, 7:45, 11:30 a.m., 12:15, 5:00, 6:30, 11:10, 11:30 p.m. Sunday, 7:55, 10:15 a.m., 4:25, 7:05 p.m. Train for Bloomsburg Leave New York via Philadelphia 7:45 a.m., 4:00 p.m. and via Easton 8:45 a.m., 4:30 p.m. Leave Philadelphia 10:30 a.m., 6:00 p.m. Leave Reading 11:50 a.m., 8:25 p.m. Leave Pottsville 11:30 p.m. Leave Williamsport 9:50 a.m., 4:25 p.m. Sunday, 8:00 a.m., 4:25 p.m. For Catawissa 7:05, 8:30 a.m., 1:30, 3:19, 6:10 p.m. Sunday, 7:45 a.m., 4:25 p.m. Leave Reading 11:50 a.m., 8:25 p.m., 1:57, 3:27, 6:19, 11:24 p.m. Sunday, 7:55, 10:12 a.m., 4:25 p.m. For Baltimore, Washington and the West via B. & O. R. R. through trains leave Girders Avenue Station, Phila. (P. & R. R. R.) 3:50, 8:01, 11:26 a.m., 3:55, 5:42, 7:16 p.m. Sundays 3:50, 8:01, 11:26 a.m., 3:55, 5:42, 7:16 p.m.

ATLANTIC CITY DIVISION.

Leave Philadelphia, Chestnut Street Wha South Street Wharf. FOR ATLANTIC CITY. Weekdays—Express, 9:00 a.m., 8:00, 4:00 5:00 p.m. Accommodation, 8:00 a.m., 5:45 p.m. Sunday—Express, 9:00 a.m. Accommodation, 8:00 a.m. and 4:30 p.m. Returning leave Atlantic City Depot, corner Atlantic and Arkansas avenues. Weekdays—Express, 7:00, 7:45 9:00 a.m. and 4:10 p.m. Accommodation, 8:10 a.m., 4:20 p.m. Sunday—Express, 4:00 p.m. Accommodation, 7:30 a.m. and 4:30 p.m.

I. A. S. WEIGAND, HANCOCK, Pres. & Gen'l Manager. Gen'l Pass. Agt

BLOOMSBURG & SULLIVAN R. R.

Taking effect MONDAY, NOV. 17, 1892. SOUTH. STATIONS. P.M. A.M. A.M. P.M. Lv. Bloomsburg, 6:38 12 10 15 8:35 3:35 5:40 Main Street, 6:38 12 04 07 8:35 4:42 6:47 Pottsville, 6:38 12 07 10 8:35 5:45 7:50 Light Street, 6:38 12 10 13 8:35 6:48 8:53 Forks, 6:38 12 13 16 8:35 7:51 9:56 Zanesville, 6:38 12 16 19 8:35 8:54 11:00 Williamsport, 6:38 12 19 22 8:35 9:57 12:02 Hazleton, 6:38 12 22 25 8:35 10:58 13:03 Sunbury, 6:38 12 25 28 8:35 11:59 14:04 Coler Creek, 6:38 12 28 31 8:35 12:59 15:05 Sullivan, 6:38 12 31 34 8:35 1:59 4:04 Lehigh, 6:38 12 34 37 8:35 2:59 5:04 Central, 6:38 12 37 40 8:35 3:59 6:04 Jamison City, 6:38 12 40 43 8:35 4:59 7:04 Ar. 6:38 12 43 46 8:35 5:59 8:04

DEAFNESS & HEAR BUILT UP BY PECK'S INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR TRUMPETS. SUCCESSFUL WHERE ALL OTHERS FAIL. CONSULTABLE FREE. ADDRESS: S. MINCOCK, 855 Broadway, New York. 12-16-14-w